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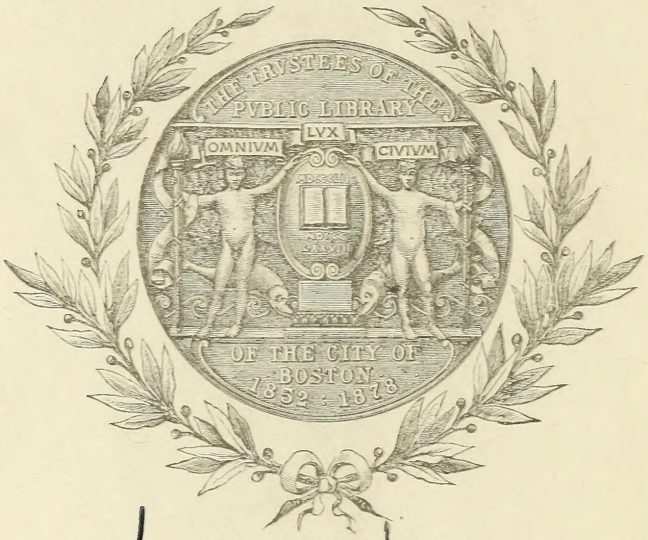

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Genealogical Record
of the
STEWART FAMILY

The title page is quoted from the MS., but the record goes back to Baird in Ireland (1665) and McKathan in Scotland (before 1700). Stewart enters at Shoreham, Vt., from East Hadden, Conn. (1789).

By Mrs. E. (Ivira) S. (tewart) Bryant, of Enosburgh, Vt., with some corrections and additions made by *Clara Tupper Barney*, of Swanton, Vermont, in March 1907. (Original Manuscript dated 1852.)

BOLTON, VT.
LONG TRAIL STUDIOS
1940

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Jan. 20, 1941
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Foreword and Advertisement

WHEN looking over this manuscript with a view to publication, it seemed like a hopeless job to edit so as to retain the flavor, and we finally decided to follow the manuscript literally. Therefore, paragraphing, misspelled words, punctuation, variations of spelling of the same name or word, capitalization and all other details are precisely as they appear in the manuscript. The only editing done has been to present family names in *Italics* the first time they appear in the text. The manuscript in our possession is typed, having been prepared by an interested member of the family more than thirty years ago, so that reference to the present in the text means 1907. We do not know whether the original manuscript of 1852, the reviser of 1907, or the typist is responsible for the variations and malapropisms.

Index of family names will be found on page 26.

Seventy-two copies only of this pamphlet have been printed. Single, numbered copies may be secured by addressing the publishers, inclosing $2.00.

LONG TRAIL STUDIOS,
Bolton, Vermont.

Serial Number of this copy 52

ANCESTRY
of
Mrs. ELVIRA STEWART BRYANT

Enosburg, November 10th, 1852.

TRADITION has handed down to us but a few meagre sketches of our great ancestor, Mrs. *Baird.* She was born in the North *of* Ireland in the year 1665, soon after the restoration of Charles the II to the throne of England; she witnessed many thrilling scenes, among which was the dire rebellion under the Duke *of* Monmouth, the natural child of Charles the II. The country was a prey to the lawless depredations of bands of rebels who introduced themselves into the houses of the country people and demanded a contribution upon whatever they saw, even to the cream which they saw in a poor woman's churn by taking spoons and ladling it into their mouths. The people in Mrs. Baird's district sent their household goods to the Quakers (that sect which became honored by the belligerent parties and whose every right was respected by both). The maiden name of Mrs. Baird has not travelled down to us, but she belonged to a family in the middle ranks of life and was a woman of much personal courage and ambition. When but fifteen years of age she went down to the river to bathe, accompanied by two maids of her father's household, when they saw the rebels coming. She was dressed after the fashion of that age in red skirts and a fur hat on her head, which made her a very conspicuous figure, but she glided down the banks and concealed herself under the heavy foliage which jutted over the stream; she heard them cutting with their sword the under-brush which was over her head, and loudly imprecating the loss of their prey, while she sat crouched down picking a rose which she had in her hand and letting it float down the stream, until suddenly reflecting this might lead to her discovery, she

ceased from her frightful pastime, she remained here until midnight, and hearing no noise, she stealthily fled to her father's house where the greatest consternation prevailed, the maids had returned with the intelligence that they had been questioned closely by the rebels as to the man with whom they were in company (being deceived by the hat which she wore), they vehemently denying there was any such, and being allowed to go their way they returned to apprise her parents of the disaster, but the hour of twelve settled the sickening scene. She was afterward the witness of the over-throw of the Duke of Sedgemoor and his death 1685 by the order of his uncle James the II. Then followed the train of wars called the bloody assizes under the Jeffries, leading men and women to the block and to the stake, and threw so much obloquy on James as to bring about the revlution of 1691, the famous battle of Boyne and the complete routing of James' forces, till he sought a home in France, an exile at St. Germaine, where he died in 1700. Mrs. Baird lived in Scotland where she early lost her husband, being left with three children, two daughters and a son, she was made willing to leave her home in Scotland as her children had married poor, which induced her to say she could not hold her head up and she joined her fortunes with theirs and emigrated to America, where the three families settled on the Connecticut River on the Vermont side near Dummerston, where she died in 1745, being full of years and greatly blessed. Her youngest daughter *Martha Baird* was born 1695 and married *John McKathan* in Scotland, a young man of good parantage and excellent morals. His father was a man of some property, an extensive brewer. John's education was very good for those days when the light of learning shown but dimly, when Edinburg and Glasgow, Cambridge and Oxford concentrated the educational forces in their own proud halls. Mr. and Mrs. McKathan had one child born to them, named *Alexander,* who was three years old when in 1724 with all his wife's family they embarked on the Atlantic

Ocean and landed in Boston after encountering great perils from the tempesteous deep. After some wanderings they settled on the Connecticut, at that time a wilderness where panthers roamed and howled, where the deer and the moose had a wide range for their pleasure grounds, where the salmon glided through the silver waters, and the air was filled with the feathered tribe, each element contributing largely toward the sustenance of the poor emigrant. Here Mr. McKathan took up an extensive tract of land and with the aid of his four sons and three daughters soon began to make the wilderness blossom like the rose. Plenty poured in upon them, he settled his sons around him on farms of their own, the daughters married men of standing and influence, while himself was elected to places of trust and honor, he was a very dignified commanding man, a perfect patriarch in his family ruling his household (if not with love with its antagonism fear) without a schism or a jar they early learned to fear him and his every wish was anticipated, in fact, he was the stern uncompromising Scotchman of the Church of Scotland. His wife of an uncommonly mild and amiable temperament sought repose and happiness in the bosom of her family where greatly beloved and cherished she died of a cancer after a lingering illness of nine years in the summer of 1765 in Dummerston aged seventy years old. Mr. McKathan survived his wife twenty years and married twice until nature worn out and exhausted he gently fell into that sleep that knows no waking. *Mary McKathan,* the oldest daughter of the above, was married to Mr. *More* in 1752, where living on their farm near Fort Dummar they were surprised by the Indians, he was slain and his father *Captain More*, while she and two children, the youngest three months, were taken prisoners and carried across the woods to Ticonderoga one hundred miles. She suffered great hardships in that toilsome march on foot, her limbs so swollen that she could but just hobble over the ground until the Indians tired of their incumbrance was about committing to the tomahawk when a party more

friendly to the Whites met them and persuaded them to bear her on a litter rather than lose the reward appended to so good a prize, so she was suffered to toil on. At Ticonderoga she met with perfect kindness from the French who bought her, they bathed her limbs in brandy and soothed her suffering child whose moans broke upon her ear at the midnight hour when a young French gentleman would rise from his bed and walk with it for hours until the little sufferer would sink to rest. Her oldest child Mary was sold and carried into Montreal where two maiden ladies of great wealth bought her as their own. Mrs. More having the offer made her to be sold into Montreal and see her child once more, she accepted and while there a prisoner she saw her little daughter die of the whooping cough, which put an end to the struggle about rescuing her child from the grasp of these women. When this unhappy war closed she was bought by Col. Schuyler and restored to her family on the Connecticut, where in after years she married *Col. Johnson* by whom she had one son and four daughters, she lived to bury that son, *Abel Johnson*, who died in Quebec where he had gone to purchase goods. His mother was so overwhelmed with his sudden death that it sapped the fountains of her life. One day while her husband was absent to court to Westminster, she commenced weeping for her son and a suffocation at her breast ensued where amid much agony and mental strife she expired, in 1795. *Martha McKathan*, the youngest daughter of the above mentioned John, was born in 1736 in Putney, she was a faithful obedient daughter and married when she was twenty-one years of age, in 1764, to Mr. *Asa Holget*, of Beverly, Mass. He was the only son of his father who emigrated from England before his birth and settled in Beverly. He was a man of some consideration he brought over his family escutcheons, his only brother Dr. Holget a physician and surgeon to the British forces stationed at Cape Breton died of yellow fever contracted in the arduous duties of his station in 1745. The father of Asa died on his return voyage

from England, whither he had gone to collect some funds that pertained to his family estate, and was buried in the ocean's wave, with sea-mews to sing his requiem evermore. Asa, being early left to himself, enlisted as a provincial soldier at the age of sixteen years into the service of George II, under the command of Brigadier Bob Rogers' Company of rangers, where all his early life was spent in the wildernesses fighting French and such warlike occupations until Quebec was taken by Wolfe in 1759, which put an end to the French and Indian War. He then retired to private life, and soon after married at the age of twenty-nine. His early habits of a wandering life forbade his ever aquiring much property, but he sustained his large family of ten children very comfortably. They removed from Dumerston to Crown Point, New York, near Lake Champlain, with eight children where losses continually attended them till they were greatly reduced in their pecuniary resources. Their three sons early began to evince a surprising degree of activity and foresight in business, they came up to Vermont and *Asa* the eldest settled in Swanton, became a man of much tact and of great worth of character but died at the early age of thirty years, the others *Samuel* and *Curtis* came into Williston, commenced rafting timber to Quebec while Curtis built the wharf at Burlington and by incessant labors procured himself a fortune. They assisted in the maintenance of their parents and did them good all their days. Mrs. Holgate was a pattern of industry, neatness and goodness, she was a woman of great plainness of speech, loved the truth, full of integrity and good works; her children adored her for her many virtues. She closed her life in Essex and during her last sickness was eminently submissive to her Heavenly Father, continually repeating pious hymns, being full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Her sickness was a putrid fever, and she quietly fell asleep April 2, 1810, aged 74 years. Her husband survived her twenty years, living the last of his days with his daughter Mrs. *Bliss* in Essex. He was a man of great humanity and did many deeds

of mercy and kindness when in the army, where his knowledge of botany rendered great service to the sick and wounded, and his untiring exertions as a nurse prolonged the life of many a comrade. He died of extreme old age in 1830, April 11th, aged ninety-four years, and sleeps by the side of his wife in Essex burying ground till the last trump shall sound and the dead awake. *Anna Holget*, the first born of Asa, was born at the maternal mansion of her grandfather McKathan at Dumerston on the 21st of July 1765. She early evinced remarkable physical power and assisted her mother in rearing her children and doing the work of the family. The period of her youth was exceedingly inauspicious as it tended to preclude her from any intellectual resources but the most common of reading and writing, to her learning never opened its ample page nor science shed her rays devine. The Revolutionary War was in progress and the only means of knowledge was by express, (for newspapers was an unthought-of luxury), or by the slow process of letters or oral communications; thus the education of herself and family must be exceedingly limited. The active duties of life must fill up the days of such and well did she accomplish the task. She was married in Shoram, Vt. to Mr. *Urial Stewart* Feb. 20th, 1789. He was the son of Mr. *James Stewart* and was born in East Hadden in Connecticut, from whence they emigrated to Shoram on Lake Champlain. The family were originally from Scotland as the name betokens, but a distinct genealogy has not been handed down to us. Urial Stewart was a man of much native wit combined with a degree of eloquence of expression that was remarkable in one who had not drank from the well of learning; he was fond of history and a passionate admirer of military life. I have often seen him weep with a sudden gust of emotion at any passage particularly evincing any great degree of force or power either moral or physical; he in early manhood became a church member and with his wife joined the Baptist Church in Essex and at the formation of the church in Westford he removed thereto.

Their first-born son *Ambrose* was born at Crown Point in New York and lived nine months, on the 25th of December 1789. They tarried here on the lake until *Alvan* was born Sept. 1st, 1790 at Granville, and then returned to Crown Point, where *Ascenith* was born Sept.7th,1792, and *Rhoda* Jan. 22, 1795. At this period they thought to improve their circumstances by removing to Westford in Vermont twelve miles north of Burlington where then was just establishing the University *of* Vermont, and my mother on the route thought to beguile the wearisomeness of the hours by telling young Alvan that he should go to college when a man and know more than his parents of the great world of science and literature, little thinking that this one idea would grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. In their early settlement at Westford they endured many privations incident to a sparce population, but with stout hearts as became the early pioneers they conquored every adverse circumstance and made themselves a comfortable home. Here was born unto them six children; *Martha Stewart* born May 24, 1797; *Eunice Stewart* born July 19, 1799, who lived to be three years old and died in May 1802 of croop; *Anna Stewart* born Sept. 29, 1801, who gave evidence of almost unequal powers in everything she attempted, united with great forbearance and good judgment, and when called to die at the early age of ten years with that awful epidemic the spotted fever, which prevailed in the year 1812, she submitted with the faith of a Christian; *Urial Stewart* born Mch. 15th, 1804, a child of rare promise, who died seven days prior to his sister of the same disease at the age of eight years; *Sarah Stewart* born August 7th, 1806; *Elvira A. Stewart* born March 9th, 1810. The year 1811 was marked as a year of great affliction in the death of their beautiful daughter Rhoda; she was preeminently the light of their home, a marked character was devotedly attached to her books, sought knowledge for itself and was persuing its acquisition with all the ardor of a passion. When returning from a ride she was thrown

from her horse, which induced a pain in her side, and she gradually failed in health through the spring months and although every effort was made to bring the tide of life back again she sank rapidly into the arms of death. She had great anxiety to live, her affections were of the most ardant kind, she adored her mother to whom she never gave cause for pain by word or deed, and her brother Alvan who was then in the University of Burlington was so fond of her that he has often said that it was like parting soul and body, but the decree had gone forth and she died of consumption July 9, 1811, aged 16 years 6 months. A brilliant spark went down, a gem of purest ray serene went out, and the other sad deaths of 1812 followed in quick succession. Thus far the writer of these sketches has depended upon tradition, it being before my birth. Now the events I have to record loom up to my remembrance with all the light and shade which each were calculated to impress on the mind as they were passing.

My father from my earliest remembrance was an ardent worshiper of the truth, and he was a delightful companion with a happy combination of qualities that endeared him greatly to us. He cultivated his farm alone with the assistance of a boy, (his only son Alvan being absent finishing his studies); his labor was too much for him and he often broke under the weight, yet he gathered himself up to his task again with a cheerful heart. My mother was a strong practical minded woman of the first type, she preeminently commanded her household,--her tenderness for her children was the greatest I ever saw,--and she was untiring in her attentions. My father lived to see all his family married and settled comfortably, except his youngest daughter. His health began to fail him the early part of the year 1833, he sunk into an unconscious state of existence and died of hemorrhage of the lungs, and his spirit went forth amid the awful scene Oct. 24, 1833, aged sixty-seven years.

It had been twenty-one years since death had entered our

household. I had grown to womanhood and was wholly unprepared for this bereavement; it was my first introduction into the audiance chamber of death, and a fearful presentation it was to me. My mother and myself endured this great affliction together, and amid tears Jesus came to our aid, breathed peace into our perturbed souls and bade us live. We became more closely attached, more firmly knit to each other than before, till it seemed our lives were absorbed in the other,--our being was merged into one. Oh, the felicity of that period of my life, and yet the grim spectre Death would haunt my mind that this treasure too might be forced from me and send the icey chill to my heart until I shuddered for the future. Alas, by what a little thread hangs all earthly happiness. Loving as I did, and being loved as I was, I could make that poetry my own,--

"Were it not for this sad voice,
Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all in which we do rejoice
E're night may be the earth worm's prey."

Were it not for this, I should have had a superabounding happiness, a deliciousness of life that was as sweet as the far-famed Isles of the Blessed, but the sad thought was ever resting down upon my soul that this treasure too would be taken and I be left uncompassed on the great ocean of time to pursue my weary tract over the tempestuous billows and amid wastes that stretched gloomily before me. We lived in our house at Westford, made sacred by the death of five presious ones, until the February following my father's decease, when we took up our residence in Montgomery, in the family of my eldest sister who had married Mr. *Edward Larkin.* Everything was done by my sister and family to make life happy, but after a time my mother's heart began to yearn for her home in Westford, and we returned in Feb. 1835 to our old abode. In the summer following we went to Utica, in the state of New York, to the residence of my only brother, where my mother spent her seventieth birthday. She enjoyed

everything with a keen relish and seemed to develop faculties that were almost new to us. I scarcely ever left her side, she was my constant companion in my journey and visits, and when my mind reflects on this brief period of my life, it appears like an oasis thrown up on my desert of life. Thus time passed until March 20, 1838. By the counsel of my venerable mother I was married and left her. She continued to reside at our old home with her oldest daughter, in very good health, after visiting me in my home in Cambridge, and seizing upon every bright spot to make it yield its full amount of happiness, which was her accustomed nature. She was eminently a cheerful woman, drawing happy conclusions from apparantly adverse circumstances, yet so evenly balanced was her mind that she could never be said to be thrown off her equilibrium. Oh, I can thank God from the depths of my spirit for so earnest, truthful, just and faithful a mother. I trust in God her spirit has left its precious influence on the hearts of her children, and by the order of transmigration it will be felt by unborn generations. She continued to enjoy comfortable health, with some exceptions, until the last of February 1842, when she was severely attacked with neuralgia, a disease most paralizing to the mind. We daughters all flew to her bedside and administered every attention that was possible to bestow. Her disease was so baffled that she enjoyed many days of quiet, and we were encouraged to hope that the angel of Death would spare her to us a little longer, but it was not so decreed. Repeated attacks were silently undermining that fine constitution and preparing to take down the citadel at last, and so for ten months she bore inexpressible pains, driving her to the extremity of madness at times, and then leaving her with the angelic submission of a child, all meekness and love, until the second day of January 1843, after a night of intense suffering and a day of perfect sweetness, she sank into the sleep that knows no waking at seven o'clock in the evening. In heaven rest her soul, the good, the blessed mother.

Asenith Stewart Larkin, the oldest daughter, was a very happy temperament, hopeful, confiding, blithesome, formed for society, and in early life possessed a great taste for books, fluent in conversation, a great favorite in her father's family, sincerely beloved by her sisters, who now mourn her irreparable loss. She had from early childhood been exceedingly frail, but with great perserverance had accomplished a vast amount of labor. She was married when she was twenty-two years of age to Mr. Edward Larkin, and raised two daughters who were married some time before her death. She early became pious,--at the death of her lamented sister Rhoda she consecrated herself to God in an everlasting covenant, and never lost her faith in the God of her fathers amid the surging waves of a tempestuous life. In the summer of 1855 it became evident to me that her earthly house was about to be taken down, she girded herself up for the great voyage, was calm, serene and staid, never evincing fear, but rather a desire to depart. Her spirit seemed plumed for the flight, such holy serenity sat enthroned on her countenance that we were all amazed at the sight and stood in speechless awe at the power of God. She gently fell into the arms of death on Monday noon at half past ten o'clock, September third 1855, aged sixty-three years. Her disease was an affection of the liver, united with abdominal dropsey. Sweet sister, farewell!

How can I record the death of my dear sister Sarah, my heart faints within me, and I strive with the mastering of fate as though it was an enemy. Sometimes I see a necessity to an end of all things earthly, and then I cry in the bitterness of my spirit,--wherefore hast Thou made all mankind in vain? Oh, my broken family, but two of us are left, the others have passed the River where the boatman takes no fee, they have gone to the shadowy land where spirit reigns, where thought rules, where the soul springs forth unfettered from its clay of humanity and communes forever with its God. Alas! how my heart yearns for these my beloved ones. I travel in darkness and reach out my hands like a little

child, and still encounter nought but shadows. I feel that the billows have well nigh gone over me. I am dissevered from myself,--this last sad stroke has left me leafless. I have buried all my dear ones anew in this last great bereavement. She had always been my great repository. Nothing shall I miss so much as that warm, confiding, unbounded, unmasked heart that was ever responsive to one dash of my eye. I must go to my grave a mourner. I can never know her like on this earth again. Sarah Stewart Fassett was born in Westford August 9th, 1806. She was a serious, modest, shrinking child, imbued with great sensitiveness, a love of the beautiful in art and nature, united with great fondness for books. I think I never knew a more sensible person, that fine rich ore of common sense. It kept her free from the scoff of the slanderer, as she always knew who to choose for her associates, and was thus kept ever within the circle of love and friendship. She was never well from childhood, after laboring under severe attacks of dyspepsia and liver complaints, yet was enabled by energy and tact to do a great amount of labor. She was the idol of my heart, the best beloved of my soul,--a strong mental affinity existed between us. Each knew the other without the aid of speech, the spirit's impress was reciprocal. Oh, my sweet sister, where art thou now? Come to the breast of thy loving one. She died of heart disease March 19, at three o'clock P. M. 1861, in the town of Montgomery, where she had resided for the last thirty years. Farewell loved one!

And the eyes that closed in a dying hour
Were opened the next in bliss,
And welcome was heard in that heavenly land
E're the farewell was hushed in this.

She passed from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And the smiling faces greeted her there
That here she had valued most.

(E. S. B.)

Alvan Stewart, the second born of Urial Stewart, in Grandville, N. Y., began early to show those traits of character which distinguished his riper years, great boldness of thought, vast powers of memory. His early years were spent at home in Westford, where his school advantages were limited to the district schools which were taught by teachers of small attainments in knowledge, those who could only read and write and cipher, grammar being beyond the circle of sciences then introduced, but by dint of perserverence he got hold of those studies requisite ere he could get an admittance to the University of Burlington, and was enabled to enter college when he was nineteen years of age. It was said of him by one of the professors that he never knew when he got his lessons, his appearance not indicating study, but when he came to his classes he was always prepared. After leaving the University he went to Plattsburg, N. Y., where he studied law with Chancelor Walworth. He afterwards went to Cherry Valley, N. Y. and obtained his diploma, then going to Kentuckey for the purpose of increasing his funds, being somewhat destitute. At this time he taught school at Paris, Ky., and succeeded admirably. At the close of ten months he visited Thomas Jefferson and was delightfully entertained, and had many charming adventures, crossing the Ohio River and Allegheny Mountains, all of which thrilling scenes the reader of this is referred to the Life *of* Alvan Stewart, written by his daughter. He returned to New York City and was married in November 26, 1819, to *Kezia Holt*, daughter of *Mayor Holt*, a very respectable family of great wealth. She was a young lady of rare beauty and excellent qualities. Alvan succeeded in business and soon obtained position and standing among the most eminent. Wealth came in abundance. He had four children born to him, three daughters and a son, two of the daughters dying of the cankerrash, which caused him great grief. The summer following, of 1831, he visited England and France, wrote out a journal of all these scenes he went through from leaving his home until he returned again.

He met William the IV and visited both houses of Parliment, and met distinguished men of that day, Duke of Wellington, Lord Broughan, and attended the Court of Kings Bench. In France saw Lafayette, sat opposite to him at a dinner given to aid the Poles in their struggle for freedom. He was obliged to relinquish his intention of visiting Italy and Greece, as the cholera broke out in great violence in France, and he took passage at Havre and landed in New York in Sept. after an absence of four months. He soon disposed of his possessions on Cherry Valley, and repaired to Utica on the Mohawk River, where he built him a delightful residence. His youngest daughter *Mary* was born here. He resided here some fifteen years, but his wife's health failing her, he sold his princely mansion and went to New York City, thinking the climate more congenial to her lungs. He was now more engaged in the benevolent objects of the day, Temperance, Anti-Slavery and the Peace question. He was untiring in his exertions, unflinching and bold in his endeavors to redress the wrongs of mankind, wrote much and never wearied in well doing. Owing to his great exertions, mentally and physically, his constitution gave way in the year 1849. With intervals of reviving and relapsing he lingered until the Spring of 1849, May the first, when like a weary child he fell asleep, aged fifty years, disease of the heart with complications of internal disorders. He lies in Greenwood Cemetery, to await the truth of God. Kezia Stewart, consort of Alvan Stewart, survived her husband five years. She was very much beloved by her family. She spent her last days in New York City with her daughter, Mrs. *Marsh*. She died on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, 1854, suddenly, of a hemorrhage of the lungs, while her daughters were in another apartment. She was a woman of great personal beauty and possessed some rare virtues. Her only son *Alvan* survived her but two years, dying with typhoid fever. He was twenty-nine years, had some remarkable traits of genius, a vast memory, and a rare felicity of language, but so many idiosyneracies of character combined

that we had no hope that if he had live he would ever have distinguished himself. Heaven rest his soul. They all are buried in Greenwood Cemetery, New York City.

"The following lines were composed and handed me by their lamented author only a short time previous to her death. Though hastily written, I have deemed them of sufficient interest to her numerous friends to merit publication."

J. S. T.

LIFE LAUNCHING.

By Anna Bryant.

Morning's long light was streaming o'er us,
O'er us in our idle dreaming,
Golden by her rich light gloated
O'er the waves whereon we floated,
And each brilliant cloud had sought her
Image in the shining water,
As we drifted,--idly drifted,
By a gentle gale uplifted,
Drifted half unconsciously
Into that strange and untried sea.

Before us youth's wild hopes were trailing,
Trailing gorgeous hues, as we went sailing,
And we laughed thro' our mad fancies,
Casting backward sidelong glances
Toward the scenes that we were quitting,
With a gladness quite unfitting,
And we drifted, gaily drifted,
By a buoyant gale uplifted,
Drifted most exultingly
Into that strange and untried sea.

But soon, alas! the night fell o'er us;
And each bright shape paled before us,
And we cried as it grew dimmer
For that sweet, internal singer,
Whose bold songs had cheered our starting,
Who from us was now departing!
And we drifted,--sadly drifted,
By a weary gale uplifted.

Drifted onward gloomily,
O'er a strangely solemn sea.

Then, oh, then, we cried affrighted,
On these dismal waves benighted,
Give us light,--but one poor glimmer!
But the darkness still grew dimmer,
And in mystic shadows bound us,
Falling heavily around us,
And still we aimlessly drifted,
By a weary gale uplifted,
Drifted onward hopelessly,
O'er a dark and solemn sea.

The remaining verses of this poem were lost, having been torn from the printed copy.

C. L. B.

THE OLD DREAM.

By Anna Bryant.

Old Nature wore her flaunting robes
Of brilliant red and yellow,
And all the Autumn air was filled
With hazes, soft and mellow.

The scarlet leafage of the trees
The bland south winds were bending;
Yet mem'ry with that Autumn day
A sad, sweet dream is blending.

She stood beneath our old roof-trees,
Then crimson with September;
A radiant creature in her pride
Of wealth, and blood, and splendor.

Her queenly glance fell full on mine,
One single breathless minute;
A something mocking, lightly sad,
With scorn and pity in it.

O, I an ill-dressed country lad;
She clad in silks and laces;
I with my homespun, homely ways--
She with her airy graces!

I with uncouth, uncultured thoughts,
In rude provincial vesture;
She with her wealth of polished words
And piquant grace of gesture!

A fateful glamour o'er me fell,
For, with a gloomy daring,
I loved her, though that very love
Seemed but a fond despairing.

She went her way, and I went mine;
Then in the gay September,
I with a world-full to forget--
She nothing to remember.

Since then I've mingled with the world,
And caught its courtly graces;
But ever in a feverish haste,
Amid its forms and faces,

My heart has seemed to seek for one
It worships most and prizes;
But many Autumns have returned
With their flamboyant guises.

And many times the old roof-trees,
In ruddy colors burning,
Have brought sharp memories of that day
But not its sweet returning.

OUR FRIEND.

To E. A. B.

Thou art blind, but thou beholdest,
With thy spirit's searching eye,
Truths that make thy life worth living,
E'en when youth has passed thee by.
In thy gentle presence sitting,
None dare form or make grimace.
Thy own tenderness and sweetness
Mirrored are on every face.
Could'st thou look at any moment
On thy friend's real countenance,

No mere pity which we shrink from,
But fond love would meet thy glance.
When love's incense rare thou feelest,
Cheering all those darkened years,
Know that not alone it rises
From the alter of our tears,
But for thy most gracious nature,
Saintly wisdom, faith serene,
Do we seek thee! We had loved thee
Had thy blindness never been!
Helpless, art thou? Helpful, rather,
Gifted with clear, subtil sight,
Since in blindness of our weakness
Thou canst bring us strength and light.

--Ella A. Giles--

A GENTLEWOMAN.

So sweet the face, so clear the eyes,
Which mirrored each new thought's surprise,
To ardent mind,
So calm the brow 'neath waves of snow,
The careless stranger ne'er would know
Grandma was blind!

The children wished that she could see,
But guessed that, by some alchemy
Of will devine,
Dear grandma felt the sunset's gold,
And drank, in deep draughts manifold,
October's wine.

In early spring, through other's view,
No tender bud of palest hue
Could pass her by;
The starlit nights were more serene,
And brighter were the leaves' first green,
And April's sky.

With joy she heard the robin's song,
When others deemed the winter long,
And only smiled;

Then in the fire-light's rosey glow
Told quaintest tales of long ago
For each grandchild.

Her gracious life had served its day,
Yet lingered still to show the way
To straying feet;
To pour the cup of water cold
For those who sought the path of old,
Faint with the heat.

Thus, gliding gently down the years,
She gave, to many, smiles for tears,
By Love's great law,
Till, as a mountain's mist is reft,
Death broke the seals which life had left,
And Grandma saw!

Verses composed by--
Mary Livingston Burdick.

OBITUARY.

Bryant, -- At Berkshire, Vt., Aug. 25th, 1889, Mrs. Elvira A. Bryant, widow of Rev. *John C. Bryant,* aged 80 years. This venerable lady will be remembered by many people of Madison as the mother of *Col. Edwin E. Bryant* of this city, who resided with him twelve years here. She suffered great affliction about eighteen years ago in the loss of her husband, her two daughters, and her sight; and while a resident here was totally blind. But by the sweetness of her spirit, the kind interest she took in the welfare of others, and the strength of her mental powers, she was a most agreeable companion. She gratefully remembered to the last the many kind neighbors in Madison, who contributed so much light to her darkened life by their kind attentions and ministrations. A year ago she returned to Vermont, that she might find her grave in the little valley where the rest of her household sleep. She

passed joyfully away in the triumph of a long cherished faith, trusting that the long night of her blindness would be followed by the dawn of an eternal morning.

(From Madison Democrat.)

LET me fall to rest
On thy sweet breast,
Oh, Jesus,
That I may wake to life,
Free from all strife,
In the arms of Jesus.
In that great awakening,
With visions strengthening,
I shall see the I Am,
And with adoration
And holy devotion,
Bow to Ancient of Days.

In that world glorious,
I shall be victorious,
At the feet of Infinite,
There is no wave of sorrow
In that eternal morrow,
In the sea of the limitless.
In those infinite spaces
Where no thought leaves traces,
Is the etheral,
There I will be living,
And ever expending,
In the ages to come.

Verses written by Elvira A. Bryant.

OBITUARY.

"Rev. John C. Bryant died in Enosburgh, Vt., Aug. 20th, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was born in Barnard, Vermont, March 8th, 1810, born again of the Spirit at the age of 19 and commenced preaching at the age of 21. He labored first in Colchester and Milton, and next in Fairfax. In Cambridge he labored continueously for fifteen years. He subse-

quently removed to West Enosburgh, and for several years he continued preaching there and in Berkshire and Richford. In 1856 he was compelled to abandon the ministry on account of disease in his throat and chest. From that time until his death, though able to attend to business a part of the time, he was never free from disease. During his last years he suffered much but endured all with exemplary patience and Christian resignation. He possessed many noble qualities of mind and heart. He was an able preacher, a wise counsellor, and a safe guide. He was much esteemed in the communities where he dwelt; was often employed in the transaction of town business; and was elected to the office of the Judge of the County Court in the Counties of Lamoile and Franklin. He was firmly attached to the grand doctrines of the cross of Christ, which were his comfort in life and his support in death. Blessed is the memory of the just!"

Elvira A. Stewart was married the 20th of March 1838, to the Rev. John C. Bryant; a son was born to them the 24th of December 1838, and died the 10th of January 1839, an infant of seventeen days, in Cambridge,Vt.; a daughter, *Anna Stewart Bryant*, was born June 21st, 1841, at Cambridge, Vt., and died in Enosburgh the first of August, 1873, of typhoid fever. *Frances Crosby Bryant,* born March 22nd, 1844, was married the 24th of July, 1864, to *George W. Maynard,* and died the 10th of November, 1878, of spinal disease at Enosburgh, Vt.. One daughter was born to them, *Georgianna Maynard,* at Enosburgh,Vt., the 24th of April 1869.

Edwin Eustice Bryant, born Jan. 10th, 1835, in Milton,Vt., in after years became one of the most distinguished citizens of the state of Wisconsin, a civil war patriot, a busy author and editor, and dean of law at the University of Wisconsin. He served as Attorney General for the Postoffice Department of the United States throughout the first administration of President Cleveland, resigning to Mr. Wanamaker as Post-

master General in the Cabinet of General Harrison. General Bryant became an author of many important works of law, many of which are now used at Yale College and Cornell University, and perhaps wrote more text books of law for schools and colleges than any other person in that section of the country. He was married to Miss *Louise Boynton* of Monroe, Wisconsin, June 29, 1859. Six children were born to them, four of whom are now living, three daughters and one son, all occupying an honorable place in society, with more than ordinary attainments, some of his family contributing admirably to the literary world. General Bryant passed from earth in the summer of 1903. I will quote a few extracts from the "Madison Democrat," printed at the time of his death.

"A career distinguished in war, in law, and in literature." In speaking of his childhood,"With a father who knew how to instruct and edify the mind, whose unfailing example was a constant stimulant to excellence; with a mother so fitted to infuse the spirit of gentleness and charity, with the power to do and to bear, it may well be said no better influence could have moulded the man, his memories of youth were happy." In after years,--"His eloquence and ready wit made him not only a forceful and agreeable speaker, but a most entertaining conversationalist; his public speeches were distinguished for their scholarly graces, and as an after-dinner speaker he had few equals, but he was at his best with a few chosen companions. On such occasions he made use of an unlimited fund of anecdote, wit sparkled and his style took on a picturesqueness that was delightful, and being also a sweet singer, it is needless to say he was an ever welcome guest." He died Aug. 11th, 1903, of apoplexey near Toronto, while enroute home, after a short visit at Sheldon, his boyhood home in Vermont, with his niece Georgianna Maynard, his nearest living relative aside from his own wife and children. Of a family of eight brothers and sisters with all their children, his own family and this niece were the sole survivors.

Georgianna Frances Maynard now resides in Sheldon, Vt., with her parents. She has inherited the natural aptitude for literary pursuits; has travelled much, and visited her uncle, the late Gen. E. E. Bryant, during his stay in Washington, D. C., and later, four years ago, remained some time at his home in Madison, Wisconsin.

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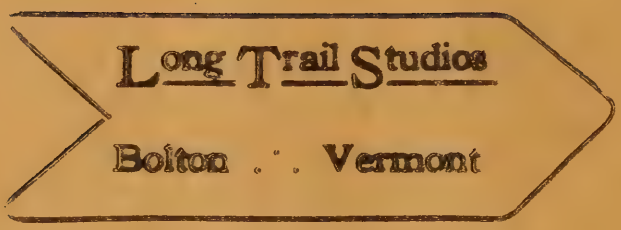
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